

Stay At home 1511

Chapter 1511: Useless Brother

"This is?" Miya asked.

Everyone from the cellar was stunned when they saw such a sight.

At that moment when everyone was stunned, the frost had already reached their feet, and was already spreading quickly up their legs.

"It's ice magic! Someone's here!" the orc exclaimed as the first one to react.

Bennett was also shocked. He pointed at Rena, and shouted, "Capture her, we'll leave using the secret passageway!"

The orc smashed the fairly thin frost around his legs with a stomp, and reached towards Rena's collar. However, his movements had become much slower.

Meanwhile, Bennett was already making way towards the opened secret passageway with the help of another orc.

Is someone here to save me? Rena was equally stunned, but her eyes shone brightly. She subconsciously took a step backward.

Bam!

Just then, the cellar's stone door exploded into tiny fragments as though it had been dealt a heavy blow.

The tiny pieces of crushed stone, however, suddenly froze at that moment, hovering in the air eerily as though someone had pressed on the pause button.

"Take this!!!"

Just then, a small red silhouette jumped out through the crushed stones, and kicked the orc in his face.

A wind fire wheel was pressed on the orc's face, and a burning smell wafted over. The temperature and strength made the orc's face twist. He flew backward uncontrollably, and smashed into the wall behind him.

Amy landed on the ground and looked with concern at Rena, who was sitting on the floor with her arms wrapped around her tummy, asking, "Big Sister Rena, are you alright?"

"Amy!" Rena was surprised and overjoyed to see Amy suddenly appear. She almost could not believe her eyes.

"Trying to run away?!" Babla appeared at the entrance of the cellar, and looked at the several people who were scurrying towards the secret passageway. She waved her hand, and the smashed stones that were suspended in mid-air flew towards the secret passageway. Before those several people could even enter the secret passageway, the exit was already completely blocked.

The orc that was helping Bennett lifted an arm and smashed the rocks. What followed was the sound of shattering and the orc holding his deformed hand as he took two steps back.

“A 7th-tier spatial magic caster!” The orc looked at Babla in shock and fear.

Now that the secret passageway was blocked, Bennett turned back to look at the ladies that had arrived successively through the cellar door, followed by Mag, who was very well-protected at the back. The veins on his forehead popped out as he pondered in shock.

How did they find this place? He’d already avoided all the spies from the Gray Temple, and kidnapped Rena very stealthily to this cellar that almost no one knew about.

What shocked him the most was that all these people were employees from Mamy Restaurant, but why was there a 7th-tier spatial magic caster among them!?

Why would she settle for serving dishes in a restaurant if she was so capable, even having the rare ability of space distortion!?

His two strongest subordinates were captured in last night’s ambush. Now, these two orcs were barely at the 6th-tier. They were completely unable to defend themselves against a 7th-tier spatial magic caster.

That seemingly insignificant little four-to-five-year-old half-elf girl was even more shocking. A 6th-tier orc was easily sent flying by her single kick. With such horrifying capability at that age, she had to be that talent that made the two great magic casters want to make her their disciple.

Bennett suddenly lost control of the entire situation, and his expression changed. He quickly put on a smile, and told Mag, “Hey, what brings you here, Boss Mag? I’ve only invited—”

Bam!

Before Bennett could finish his words, Yabemiya smacked his face with a pan that she pulled out from somewhere. She used so much force that he was embedded into the mud wall.

“Did... Did he still have something else to say?” Yabemiya asked embarrassedly as she kept the pan and looked at Bennett, who was knocked out.

“It’s alright. You did well, Miya.” Mag looked at Bennett, who was still slightly dazed. He walked to Rena and helped her up as he said with concern, “It’s alright. We’re here.”

“Boss... and everyone...” Rena looked at everyone, and her eyes reddened. She thought that she would die right here today after all the humiliation and hopelessness. She didn’t think that they would actually appear in the nick of time.

Of course, what she didn’t expect the most was that everyone was actually so powerful!

Whether it was Amy, who sent the scary orc flying with one kick, or Babla, who could control the stones, and even Yabemiya, who could embed Bennett into the wall with a pan, their capabilities were all beyond her imagination.

So Boss wasn’t lying to her at all. She really had a strong restaurant behind her!

“You’re injured. We don’t have a healing magic caster here, so we can only treat your wound simply first.” Elizabeth went up to her, and took a look at Rena’s abrasion on her pinky. She tapped at it gently

with her finger, and a small stream of water flowed past the wound, cleaning all the sand and gravel on it.

“We can go back very quickly.” Mag handed Rena over to Gina while he walked towards Bennett.

“Ah!!!”

The two orcs and three strong men came dashing towards Mag as they shouted loudly. This fellow appeared the weakest out of them all. If they could get him under their control, they might have a chance to leave.

“Ice seal.” Elizabeth spat the two words out coldly.

Crack...

The frost on the ground slowly extended, automatically avoiding Mag’s feet, towards the orcs and strong men, freezing them into ice sculptures.

Bennett, who was dazed from being smacked by the pan, happened to regain his senses then. When he saw his subordinates turn into ice sculptures, his expression changed immediately. That ice beauty seemed even more powerful and horrifying than he thought.

How many scary people are actually hiding in this restaurant? Why would they be willing to work for him?!

“I’ve mentioned it. Don’t touch my people. Otherwise, you will lose everything,” Mag said coldly in front of Bennett.

“Y-you cannot kill me! I am Bennett Marquis! The younger brother of the head of the Marquis Family!” Bennett said with fear written on his face.

“You’re such a useless brother. You have no idea how much your older brother wishes that you could die earlier,” Mag scoffed.

Bennett’s face turned pale. He knew very well that Mag spoke the truth. His big brother, just like him, hoped that the other party would die earlier every day.

Mag raised a leg and kicked Bennett between his legs. The sound of something crushing echoed around the cellar together with a terrible scream.

“Don’t worry. I won’t kill you. As a law-abiding citizen, what I’m going to do is not to send you to God, but to leave you in the hands of the law.” Mag retracted his leg and watched Bennett shrink into a ball on the ground as he twitched in pain. He slowly bent down, and said, “After all, you haven’t witnessed yourself losing everything important to you.”

Chapter 1512: Go, Little Fire Lotus!

“Let’s go, the people from the Gray Temple will be here soon to clean up.” Mag held Amy’s little hand as he turned to walk out of the cellar.

“But he...” Gina, who was holding Rena, turned her head back to look at Bennett. There was fear in her eyes. If this fellow was let off just like that, would something similar happen again?

“Don’t worry, the lifetime membership in Bastie Prison is already open for him. He can only stay in the dark cell for the rest of his life and await his death.” Mag paused in his tracks, and looked at Rena with a smile as he said, “Rena, don’t worry, he won’t appear again.”

Rena looked at Mag’s warm smile and felt the uneasiness disappear. She nodded, and said, “Mm-hmm.”

“That’s so easy. I only whacked him once, and all the bad guys are settled.” Amy felt a little unsatisfied. She looked back, and even cutely told Bennett, “Hey, Uncle, you got to buck up a little, okay? Bring more people along, otherwise you don’t look impressive at all. That’s really disappointing.”

Bennett looked up at Amy furiously. *Is she kidding?*

“Let’s go.” Mag brought the others out of the cellar, and climbed out from the abandoned well at the corner of the yard.

“Stand right there! You are already surrounded. All of you! Hands up and go to the corner of the wall!”

The moment Mag and the gang came out from the dried-up well, they heard someone shout at them, and a group of Gray Temple inspectors surrounded them. The knights drew their swords, and the magic casters pointed their wands at them as they got ready to attack.

The leader was a tall and slim middle-aged man. He looked at Rena for a while before he solemnly said, “I am Captain Blaze from Gray Temple Inspection troop. All of you are involved in a kidnapping and assault case. Please cooperate with our investigation!”

Mag looked at Blaze through slightly squinted eyes. He thought the people waiting outside would be here to arrest Bennett and the others, but it seemed the communication within the Gray Temple was not very effective. This so-called captain was probably not under Borg. Smiling, Mag said, “Sir, I wonder what made you think that we’re involved in kidnapping and assault? Whom did we kidnap? Whom did we assault? Did someone report the case?”

“You...” Blaze was stumped for words. He looked at Mag for a while, not knowing what to say.

He was also shocked by Bennett, that dumb teammate. He lured the inspectors away so that Bennett could escape, but that stupid guy actually targeted the restaurant employee, and even kidnapped her.

That was fine since she was just an employee. He was already ready to wipe his *ss for him, but he didn’t expect this matter to alarm the intelligence department. The person who was supposed to handle this matter never came back after he was called out, so he brought men and rushed over.

He could already feel the strong magic waves from the cellar before he even reached the place. After that, he saw Mag and the gang come out.

He could already guess what happened down there. While he was shocked that this restaurant owner could find such powerful aides, he also spontaneously decided to frame Mag. Otherwise, if Bennett was arrested, he would definitely buckle under their interrogation and rat on him.

Blaze regained his composure quickly, and seriously said, “We’ve received a report that the owner of the teahouse “Ben” had gone missing, and before that, an employee from their shop heard you threatening him. The owner and employees of Mamy Restaurant, I am giving all of you a strict warning. All of you

better stand properly against the wall and not resist the arrest. If you dare to go against the law, we will take the necessary actions!

"You, bring a team of people down to take a look." Blaze waved his hand, and a small team of five went down to the cellar.

"It's not like this. He was the one who kidnapped me, and Boss and the rest came to my rescue. It's not like what you said," Rena explained anxiously. She felt so aggrieved that tears started welling up in her eyes. Wasn't the Gray Temple supposed to be the guardian angel of Chaos City? How could they malign people like that?

"Ma'am, you have the right to remain silent, but everything you say will be used in court as evidence. If you're suspected of defamation, that would be an added sentence!" Blaze glared coldly at Rena.

"Don't worry. If we want to leave, they won't be able to stop us." Elizabeth stood in front of Rena and looked equally coldly at Blaze. Her icy cold aura made Blaze retract his gaze subconsciously. It was the 8th-tier ice magic waves that she used previously.

Not long later, the inspectors from the Gray Temple crawled out with the pale Bennett and five other ice sculptures from the cellar.

"Save... Save me... I was kidnapped by them... they killed my subordinates, and even wanted to kill me..." Bennett's face was pale. He lifted a finger limply and pointed at Mag with clenched teeth as he said, "He... He is the mastermind."

The corner of Blaze's lips rose. He waved his hand as he said, "Arrest all of them!"

"Father, are these people baddies as well? I remember that they are the ones who maintain the law and order," Amy whispered to Mag with doubt and also a little excitement.

"Maybe." Mag scoffed. Since they were already charged, adding a few crimes on top of the existing ones didn't matter. This captain was obviously on Bennett's side. *If that's the case, there's no need to hold on to any hopes for them.*

Even though they had over 30 people on their side, with this Captain Blaze being an 8th-tier knight and having several 7th-tier magic casters, Mag was not very worried about the situation. Judging from how it looked, they could still easily win even if they were to really get into a fight.

As for how this should be settled, that would be up to Rolan and Borg.

"Then do we just beat them to death, or do we go according to the protocol?" Amy asked.

"We are law-abiding citizens, after all. Let's go according to the protocol," Mag replied with a smile.

"Mm-hmm." Amy nodded. She took a step forward, pointed at them with her wand, and said, "I am the little boss of Mamy Restaurant, the disciple of the Lord of Ice and Lord of Fire, a student from Chaos School. Let me now warn all of you to give up resisting and surrender. Otherwise, I'll punish you in the name of the moon."

"Although I don't know why the moon wants to punish you, I'll agree in the name of the moon," Babla added.

“Young lass, it’s not a good thing to be overly confident. Even the Lord of Ice and Lord of Fire have to abide by the laws and rules of Chaos City and kneel before the Gray Temple. All of you are going to pay a heavy price for going against the Gray Temple in enforcing the law!” Blaze laughed coldly. It would be great if they decided to resist because things would tend to go out of hand when violence was involved, and it would not be anything strange if there were a few deaths as a result.

“You should say that in front of my masters. Really,” Amy suggested sincerely. “Go, Little Fire Lotus!”

Amy flung out more than 10 glass bottles containing two-colored little fire lotuses from her magic caster’s staff space, aiming straight at Blaze.

Chapter 1513: Dare To Trifle With The Gray Temple?!

“My Lord, according to the latest news, Blaze had already led a group to the 13th lane in the west of the city without my orders. He must have something to do with the kidnapping. Furthermore, that fellow from the inspection troop said that Blaze had been keeping in very close contact with Bennett,” Blaze reported quickly as he handed a classified letter to Rolan.

Rolan skimmed through the letter, and fell silent for a while before he asked Borg, “Does this have anything to do with Godala?”

“There is currently no evidence to prove that Godala is involved in this case.” Borg shook his head before continuing, “But he had been in charge of the inspection troops all this while.”

Rolan put the letter down, and ordered Borg, “Bring men over to settle this matter. Don’t alarm Krassu and Urien. Things will get complicated once they get involved. Bring Blaze back and find out how many others are related to this incident.”

“Yes.” Borg nodded and quickly left.

Tap~ tap~ tap~

Rolan tapped on the table gently, seemingly deep in thought. After a long while, he stood up slowly and walked towards the door.

“Godala, you’d better don’t disappoint me...”

“Explode, Little Fire Lotus!”

As Amy commanded, the two-colored fire lotuses in the bottles she threw exploded.

Blaze’s expression changed, losing its initial calmness. He wielded his sword forward and spit the fireball coming at him in half, while at the same time taking several steps back to avoid the flickering tongues.

“Going against the law enforcers. That’s another crime! Subdue them!” Blaze shouted before quickly adding, “Don’t hurt that kid!”

He might say that he was not afraid, but he really didn’t want to suffer from the rage of the Lord of Ice and Lord of Fire. The two of them were, after all, really powerful. They were a source of headache even for the lord of the Gray Temple. He wouldn’t dare to ruffle their feathers.

The people from the Gray Temple started attacking Mag and the ladies upon receiving the instruction. The knights dashed in front, while beams of light shot out from the magic casters' wands at the people from Mamy Restaurant.

Elizabeth took a step forward, and softly chanted, "Ice and frost."

The temperature in the yard dropped suddenly, and a pale blue magic field appeared around them, blocking the magic attacks out.

Elizabeth raised her hand, and frost started speeding towards the knights, extending up from their legs to their bodies. They were almost instantly turned into blocks of ice, freezing in place with their horrified expressions preserved.

"I respect Chaos City's laws and rules because they bring dignity and safety to the weak. However, if the law enforcers are a bunch of scum, that would be too much of an irony." Elizabeth walked out from the magic shield as she moved closer to Blaze step by step with disappointment in her eyes.

"Darn!" Blaze's expression changed. He underestimated this woman's capabilities. He looked down and saw the frozen ground under his feet. His eyelids twitched. As an 8th-tier knight, he knew very well what it meant when he stepped into her realm.

A giant dragon specializing in spatial distortion. That was very difficult to handle!

"If I didn't guess wrongly, you should be the Frost Dragon Tribe's Princess Elizabeth. If you don't want the Frost Dragon Tribe to be on bad terms with Chaos City, you'd better know what you're doing now, and know if you're pushing the boundaries of the Gray Temple and Chaos City!" Blaze said sternly.

"Whatever you're doing has already crossed my boundaries," Elizabeth said coldly. She took a step forward, and suddenly disappeared. When she reappeared, her right hand, which was covered in frost dragon scales, had already landed a punch on Blaze's face.

Bam!

The punch sent Blaze flying immediately. He only managed to stop himself after digging his longsword into the wall, creating a five-meter-long gash.

However, before he could steady himself, a foot covered in dragon scales appeared and kicked his lower abdomen, sending him flying again.

Elizabeth kept disappearing and appearing in the frost realm, thrashing Blaze easily.

The rest, who were already prepared for the fight, watched in shock with their mouths and eyes wide open.

"Big Sister Elizabeth is so powerful." Connie swallowed. She suddenly felt embarrassed of her own assassination which she prided herself on.

"Big Sister is so powerful." Yabemiya was also stunned. Although she had always known that Elizabeth was very powerful, she never knew she was this powerful.

“Sigh... I have no share in this baddie again.” Amy sighed a little unhappily. She started to rub her little fireballs secretly, throwing one at Blaze from time to time.

Is she so powerful in her realm? Mag was also a little shocked. The fighters were both at the 8th-tier, but an 8th-tier knight was thrashed by Elizabeth in her realm without being able to fight back at all.

The talent of a Frost Dragon tribe’s royalty was indeed awe-inspiring.

Of course, that did not mean that she was undefeatable.

As long as you were fast on your feet and sword, and had enough capabilities, you’d be able to slash into any realm.

Just like how Alex slashed open Lance’s frost realm, which was known to be the strongest realm, and proceeded to thrash that dragon.

Mag was naturally very happy that Elizabeth alone was enough to settle the problem. If he had to fight, it might cause some unnecessary troubles. He would definitely stay still if he could.

Blaze was badly beaten up in the frost realm, and his face was crushed into the ice, leaving the lower half of his body above ground. The ice quickly covered up the hole, and he turned into an ice sculpture.

Elizabeth landed on the ground gently and raised her hand. Immediately, the frost realm disappeared, leaving only a yard full of ice sculptures.

Ice sculpture Bennett was staring with his eyes wide open, as though he could not believe his eyes.

These fellows even dare to trifle with the Gray Temple?!

“This...” Borg arrived with the intelligence department at that moment. When he saw the scene, he was bewildered.

“Are you with him?” Elizabeth turned back and saw Borg. She felt danger coming from this human. He was a 9th-tier powerhouse much more powerful than Fox.

“No, no, you’ve misunderstood.” Borg quickly waved his hands. He looked at Mag, and said, “Boss Mag, we heard that someone had kidnapped your restaurant’s employee, so we came over to save her.”

“That’s different from what we heard just now. After all, we were the bandits who kidnapped a rich merchant, and were going through a very strict interrogation from the Gray Temple,” Mag told Borg with an ostensible smile.

Chapter 1514: Heh, Delayed Opening? Serves Him Right!

The atmosphere in the yard was a little awkward.

The people from the intelligence department who came over with Borg more or less knew something about the situation, so they all looked at Blaze and the others disdainfully.

Borg glanced at Blaze and Bennett, who were frozen, and squinted. He really did his best when it came to ruining the reputation of the Gray Temple and the justice it aimed to uphold.

“My apologies. The Gray Temple will give all of you an explanation on this matter. I guarantee that the Gray Temple will deal with those that displayed questionable conduct strictly, and bring the real culprit to justice.”

Mag looked at Borg, and solemnly said, “I hope this will not happen again. After all, the citizens of Chaos City rely on the Gray Temple’s law enforcement for protection. If we can’t even trust the Gray Temple, it will not be long before the system that the city prides itself on collapses.”

“I’ve already reported this incident to the Lord of the Gray Temple. Those involved will be dealt with severely to ensure the fairness and power of the Gray Temple.” Borg nodded. Judging from how much the Lord of the Gray Temple respected Mag, the latter could not be an ordinary restaurant owner. Besides, what he just mentioned was what worried him as well.

“Elizabeth, let them take over from here on,” Mag told Elizabeth, whose back was facing him.

Elizabeth hesitated for a while, but still put her hand down. The chill in the air disappeared all of a sudden, but the ice statues did not thaw.

Borg heaved a sigh of relief. He looked at Rena for a while, and noticed that she was holding her tummy. He said, “Medic, treat this young lady.”

“Yes!” A female magic caster came forward, and checked Rena’s injuries. After that, she started chanting a spell, sending a few waves of white light onto Rena. Rena’s pale face finally regained some color, and her knitted brows eased out.

“Thank you. I’m all better,” Rena thanked the magic caster. It felt a little miraculous. It was her first time being treated with healing magic, and it was wondrous. Princess Irina and Big Sister Xixi had also treated her mother with such powerful healing magic.

Mag looked a little more relieved seeing that Rena had been healed, and was not so angry at the Gray Temple’s unprofessionalism. After that, he brought all of them out.

“Sir, don’t we have to take their statements?” a small official asked softly.

“If you’re not afraid of Krassu and Urien tearing the Gray Temple apart after finding out that their beloved disciple got attacked, and the attacker was even from the Gray Temple, go ahead,” Borg spat out as he walked towards Blaze.

“Then...” The official took a deep breath of cold air in and shrank. “Let’s forget it. The intelligence department doesn’t really need any witnesses. The culprits are the best witnesses.”

“Boss, I’m sorry we had to delay the restaurant’s opening hours because of me,” Rena mumbled reproachfully as she walked behind with her head hanging low.

Night had already fallen. It was too late to operate tonight.

Mag, who was holding Amy’s little hand, suddenly stopped and turned around. Rena, who was following behind, was caught off guard, and walked right into him. Luckily, Mag blocked her with his hand, so she did not hit his chest.

"It's alright if we can't open for the night. You don't have to vent your anger on me," Mag said with a smile.

Everyone laughed along.

"Argh..." Rena took two steps back embarrassedly. Her face and ears were red. As she looked at the group of smiling people, who did not seem to blame her at all, she felt a stinging sensation in her nose, and her eyes reddened.

"I'm sorry, Rena. This incident happened because of the hot pot soup base recipe. I caused you to be targeted, and it was also because of my carelessness that you were endangered." Mag looked at Rena in the eye, and seriously said, "I am very touched by your character, and I admire it a lot. However, I hope that if something similar happens in the future, promise me, nothing is more important than you are."

"Boss..."

Rena could not hold her tears in. She ran into Mag's embrace, and let out all the emotions that she had been suppressing—grievance, fear, gratefulness...

She had been a very timid person since she was young, growing up with her mother in fear in the slums. She had been trying her best to live her insignificant life while protecting her mother.

She did tiring and laborious jobs for meager pay, and grew as lowly as the dust and dirt amidst her employer's scoldings.

But right now, when she was put in a hopeless situation, just as she thought she was about to die, Boss, Amy, Miya, and the rest appeared.

They stood in front of her and defeated all the baddies, and were even concerned about her.

That was when she knew that there were people other than her mother who actually cared for her.

That there would still be someone who would tell her that she was more important.

On the dark, chilly, long street, Mag patted the young girl on her back gently. He could understand the fear she was feeling after going through such an ordeal. Letting it all out might make her feel better.

Miya and the rest stood silently, blocking out the chilly wind on the long street.

"Big Sister Rena, don't cry. We're all a family. If there's any baddie who dares to bully you again, Little Amy will beat them up." Amy tugged gently at Rena's sleeve and tip-toed as she passed her a purple floral handkerchief.

"Yes. The restaurant is just like our home, and we're all a family," Yabemiya said with a sincere smile.

Everyone had a similar smile on their faces. To them, the restaurant was indeed a very special place.

Rena received the handkerchief and looked at Amy, and then at everyone else. She tried to hold back her tears and nodded. "We're all a family."

"Let's go. If we don't go back, the customers are going to tear the restaurant down. It's rude that we didn't even put up a notice in advance," Mag said with a smile. He walked to a bigger road and flagged a

horse-drawn carriage, and then he got Miya and the rest to send Rena home first while he brought Amy, Gina, and some others back to the restaurant on a second horse-drawn carriage.

When they were almost at the restaurant, Mag could already feel the rage from all the chowhounds.

“Boss Mag! Open up!”

“We’re starving!!”

“If you don’t open up, we’ll die right here!!”

“Did this Boss Mag do something heinous? Why are there so many people causing a ruckus?” the coachman muttered under his breath curiously.

“No, he was just held up by something, so he was a little late to open his restaurant.” Mag coughed softly as he tried to hide his embarrassment.

“Heh, delayed opening? Serves him right!” The coachman laughed at his misfortune. “Back then, when I could still wield a knife, I was still a presentable person until I started standing my customers up... Look at my right hand and left leg. They were maimed.”

Mag glanced at his bent left leg and awkward right hand, and shuddered.

They’re not to be trifled with. Not at all.

Chapter 1515: Vampires Eat Things Raw Precisely Because They Can’t Cook

“I suppose you won’t be able to eat today. Do you want me to send you somewhere else?” the coachman asked Mag as he turned back and lifted a corner of the curtain up.

“It’s alright. Here will do.” Mag handed the coachman three silver coins, and got off the carriage.

“Boss Mag is over there!” Someone spotted Mag very quickly, and with his shout, all eyes were on Mag.

“Boss Mag, we demand an explanation from you!”

“An explanation won’t do. We will need at least two bowls of tofu pudding. Hmph.”

“Boss Mag, I brought my whole family here for hot pot. You’re not going to stand us up tonight, are you?”

The crowd exploded with complaints and dissatisfaction for waiting so long outside.

“Hm?” The coachman turned to look at Mag. He did not expect this situation.

“Actually, I...” Mag looked at the agitated customers, and attempted to explain today’s situation.

A strong lady lining up in front waved her hand, and interrupted Mag. “Alright. Speak no more. Just go back and cook.”

“Yes, yes, yes, hurry along.”

The customers all agreed. They almost picked him up, and stuffed him into the restaurant.

Because of all the enthusiastic customers, Mag really could not bring himself to announce that the restaurant would be closed for the night. He thought for a while and nodded, saying, "Alright, please wait 10 minutes. Our restaurant will start its operation soon. However, because we didn't do any preparations beforehand, we won't have many of the dishes on the menu, including hot pot, which requires us to prepare the soup base beforehand."

"Sigh..."

There was a sudden sigh from the crowd.

"Alright, I'm happy as long as you open for business," someone muttered begrudgingly, and a group of people immediately nodded in agreement.

"Be good, okay. Don't cause trouble. If you do, I'll beat your heads off," Amy said with a gentle smile as she jumped out of the carriage.

The crowd was suddenly silent. They wanted to laugh, and at the same time wanted to cause a ruckus, but they were also worried that the little boss might be serious, so they could only hold it in.

"That's it?" That coachman was shocked when he saw the calm customers. *How can this batch of customers be like this? Customers back then weren't like this at all!*

"Thank you, sir," Mag thanked the coachman, and carried Amy to the restaurant.

Gina and Firis also alighted.

"My masters didn't come today?" Amy exclaimed as she turned back to look at the long line.

"Maybe they have something on today?" Mag was a little shocked as well. Krassu said that he had to drop Amy off early because he had something on. Urien was not around, either. Maybe the two had gone out to duel.

Mag opened the door, put Amy down, and told Firis, "Firis, start preparing the ingredients for tonight. Skip the dishes that require a long cooking time..."

"I've already prepared the ingredients. Where did you all go?" A gentle resentful voice sounded.

Mag looked towards the kitchen, and saw Camilla standing by the door with a malcontent look.

"Yeah. You left us at home without anything to eat." Irina also came out from the kitchen, and leaned against the other side of the door. With disappointment, she said, "The food she makes is horrible. Indeed, vampires eat things raw precisely because they can't cook."

"That's... That's not true..." Camilla's face flushed red. She embarrassedly said, "We just got better things to spend our time on. Time is very precious for vampires."

Mag looked at Camilla pitifully. He could have guessed what happened when Camilla and Irina were alone while they were all gone.

"Is that what the lamb thinks too?" Amy asked Camilla curiously.

"How can a lowly lamb be compared to a noble vampire!" Camilla said sternly.

“But a lamb eats grass too,” Mag said with a smile.

“You...” Camilla was stumped. She did not know what to say in reply, and could only turn her head away angrily with a huff.

“Something cropped up this afternoon, so we all went out, and didn’t prepare the ingredients. I’ll go up to change, and we can start business operations. Let’s all get ready,” Mag said as he walked upstairs quickly.

“What happened?” Irina asked.

“A baddie kidnapped Big Sister Rena, so we all went to beat the baddie up and save her,” Amy answered quickly.

“That’s right, Your Highness,” Firis affirmed.

“Something like this happened, and no one called me. How could you?” Irina sighed. “Chaos City is too peaceful. There isn’t even a single piece of big news around.”

“It was quite urgent, so we didn’t have the time to inform anyone.” Mag came back down in his chef’s uniform. He looked at Irina, and said, “Besides, the opponent was too weak. We’ve agreed that you wouldn’t attack unless necessary.”

“Alright.” Irina pouted, but very quickly and enthusiastically said, “When are we going to settle the Twilight Forest’s matter?”

“Now that I think about it, we should be setting off the day after tomorrow,” Mag said.

“That’s great.” Irina nodded. She walked towards the stairs, and said, “I’ll go up and take a rest.”

“Sure, Your Highness. I’ll send your dinner up later,” Firis said automatically.

Irina paused in her steps, thought for a while, and turned back to say, “Steak, medium-well.”

“Alright,” Mag and Firis said, almost at the same time.

Irina’s lips curled upwards, and she turned to go upstairs.

When Irina disappeared upstairs, Camilla pulled Mag over, and said, “I want steak as well. Raw.”

“Alright. I’ll pan-fry the surface for you.” Mag walked into the kitchen, and took out two slices of steak from the fridge.

“I can’t believe Blaze actually did something like this behind my back!” A golden-haired middle-aged elf looked at Rolan in shock. After a while, he lowered his head, and said, “My Lord, I was not strict with the inspection unit, and didn’t notice the problem with my subordinates in time. I am wrong.”

Rolan looked intently at Godala, and remained silent for a while before saying, “The problem with the inspection unit is very serious. As the supervisor and the deputy lord, you have to be partly responsible. The Gray Temple enforces the law. We represent the power and might of Chaos City. We carry with us

the trust and faith of the citizens. If a pest like that appears in the Gray Temple, that will be a very huge blow to the Gray Temple's authority once word gets out.

"From today onwards, you will not need to supervise the inspection unit. The reserve division has no leader. You can lead them for the time being."

"I will follow your arrangement," Godala answered. A chill flashed past his eyes, but his gaze remained the same.

"The Gray Temple was set up to ensure that we can better serve and protect the people of Chaos City, not to give us power over others. This is the first rule of the Gray Temple. Do you still remember it?" Rolan asked Godala.

Godala hesitated for a while before nodding in reply. "Yes."

"Good." Rolan turned to leave.

Chapter 1516: Good Person Card +1

Mamy Restaurant rushed to open for service. It was fortunate that Yabemiya and the gang all returned shortly, and swiftly got back to their work to allow the restaurant to barely continue with the service.

"How is Rena?" Mag found a chance to ask Miya.

"Rena was traumatized, but she has already settled down. We've sent her back to the hostel. Her mother is taking care of her, so we came back to the restaurant," Miya said.

"That's good." Mag nodded. Today's events would be difficult for Rena to digest; it would be better to let her mother take care of her.

Due to the lack of hot pot and many dishes, the restaurant's ability to receive customers was lowered dramatically.

However, the customers surprisingly didn't complain too much. Instead, they began to try dishes that they had never tried before, and then they discovered all kinds of new delicacies.

"Mmm. This batch of customers are very good." Mag nodded with satisfaction as he tossed the six woks around one by one. The fried rice and steaks were tossing around as helpings of delicacies were sent out one after another.

"Child, tell me, what happened today?" Clarince softly asked as she sat on the bed and hugged Rena gently.

"It's nothing. I just bumped into a small hooligan, but Boss and my colleagues resolved the issue for me." Rena shook her head, and then rested her head on her mother's legs. She closed her eyes to sense the warm touch on her neck and on the back of her head.

Clarince lowered her head with an uneasy expression to softly ask Rena, "Does it have something to do with that precious gift that day?"

Rena didn't look right since she had returned home last night.

"Mm-hmm." Rena nodded. She opened her eyes and smiled at her mother. "He's just a useless hooligan, and was already arrested by the Gray Temple. Boss said he will never be released for the rest of his life. We will never have to worry about him again."

"Good. It's good that he was arrested." Clarince also smiled with relief after hearing that. She had been worried for the whole day yesterday. She always felt the fellow who sent the gifts that night wasn't a good person. She was worried that Rena would get hurt.

"Boss and my colleagues protected me. We will never have to worry again, because the restaurant is really very powerful." Rena nodded. She sat up, and solemnly said to Clarince, "I will also get stronger so I can protect Mother."

Clarince smilingly patted her head, and consoled, "Silly child. As long as you can protect yourself, that will be fulfilling my greatest wish."

"Oh, yes. Yesterday, the boss said he was officially making me the supervisor of the designated hot pot area. I will be in charge of everything in the Mamy Restaurant's hot pot area. He even raised my monthly salary to 20,000 copper coins a month," Rena said with a smile.

"20,000 copper points!" Clarince's voice rose up a few notches, and she stared at Rena with disbelief. "So much money per month?!"

"Yes. Boss increased everybody's salary to 20,000 copper coins. He will continue to give us a pay raise every year." Rena nodded with conviction. She couldn't hide the joy on her face. She wasn't in the mood to contemplate the pay raise previously. After thinking about it carefully today, 20,000 copper coins was a huge sum to her. It was almost equal to a year of her previous salary.

"Isn't it too much? You have just started working there for less than two months, and Boss is already letting us stay at such a nice place and providing us with food," Clarince said with concern.

"Mm-hmm. I also think it was a little too much." Rena nodded too before saying, "However, Boss said the restaurant's profits were very good, so he decided to increase our salaries."

"Boss Mag is really a very good person. Meeting him is your good fortune." Clarince sighed.

"Yes." Rena nodded gently. She blushed a little when she recalled how she threw herself into Boss's warm arms and cried.

"'Good Person Card' +1!"

"Hmm?" Mag listened to the reminder tone that appeared in his mind puzzledly. This wasn't as pleasant-sounding as the reminder tone of the three dollars that was checked into his Alipay.

However, he had to admit that he was indeed a good person.

"Come. Give this super insanely spicy grilled fish to that orc gentleman who was seducing his lady over there." Mag gave a freshly done grilled fish with extra ingredients to Miya.

"I need to go out for a while, and might be home a little late." Irina appeared in the kitchen, and swiftly disappeared after finishing the steak.

"Hmm?" Before Mag could ask her, she had already disappeared. He couldn't help complaining, "Where is she going in the middle of the night?"

480 km to the west of Chaos City was a place called Thunderstorm Mountains. It was covered in a dense forest that was filled with magic beasts and animals. It was off the beaten track.

What was the most amazing about this place was that thunder could be heard throughout the year there. Lightning was striking off branches every now and then. The lightning element was extremely irascible, so this place was named Thunderstorm Mountains.

The Thunderstorm Mountains were covered in snow after winter arrived. The thunderstorms died down, and they had a short respite of silence.

Meanwhile, in the deep part of the mountains, a gigantic crater that was over 500 meters in diameter and 10-odd meters deep suddenly appeared. All the trees around the crater seemed to be struck by lightning as they were all burnt, black and dead.

And right in the middle of the crater, there was a dark bottomless hole that was about two meters in diameter. It was so deep that even the moonlight seemed to be engulfed by it.

At that moment, two figures were crouching around that crater and looking in.

"Icy old man, can you see what is it? I seem to have sensed the presence of the evil spirit." Krassu tossed a fireball into the crater, and it didn't touch the bottom even as it fell all the way until it disappeared.

Urien, who was standing at the side, closed his eyes and pointed into the crater. Frost began to form at the opening, and then rapidly crept downward.

About three minutes later, Urien suddenly opened his eyes, violently retrieved his finger, and then took three steps back at the same time.

"Did you scare yourself?" Krassu looked at Urien doubtfully before looking down into the hole again.

Boom!

An explosion sounded in the deep crater, and a powerful black airflow gushed out of the deep crater together with countless icicles and shattered ice.

"Holy f*ck!"

Krassu also quickly took a big step back, and stared at that black airflow that gushed upward to the sky and then exploded into countless icicles. He angrily said, "Icy old man, did you do that on purpose?!"

"It's the evil spirit's aura. That evil spirit that was subdued under these Thunderstorm Mountains seemed to have got itself out of a part of the seal. That's why it could release its aura to attract its subordinates and descendants," Urien replied in a hoarse voice.

Krassu spat after hearing that. He angrily stared at the black airflow that lingered for a long time in the sky. "These old fogeys that won't die or disappear are really so irritating."

Chapter 1517: The Great Old Ones... Really Exist

"Once the Evil God gets out of its seal, it will harm the world, cause widespread death, and even end the entire Norland Continent." Urien looked up at that airflow. He raised up his hand and clenched his fist in the air. Frost quickly formed an iceball, and froze that airflow before falling back into the deep hole. Layers of ice began to form rapidly, and sealed that hole instantly.

Krassu stared at the iceball sealed in the deep hole with a grave expression as he shook his head. "Your seal can only prevent its aura from escaping for a month at most. Once he gains control of others or attracts the believers of the Evil God, he can escape very quickly."

"It's better than doing nothing." Urien retrieved his hand and coughed twice loudly.

Krassu pursed his lips, and a ball of flames circulated around his body. He rubbed his hands together, and said, "Regarding the legend of the Evil God, we, too, only have that half a piece of parchment that we got from the cannibal tribe about 100 years ago. I didn't expect it to be real. This aura is indeed evil."

"The cannibal tribe only became bloodthirsty and violent after their whole tribe was bewitched by the Evil God. They already lost their rationality, and lived by depending on their twisted instincts. That's why we annihilated their tribe." Urien waved his hand gently to smooth this huge 500-meter-wide crater. The snow covered it, and apart from not having trees on top, it looked just like a normal area.

"Nobody knows what happened in the ancient times, and how many gods were sealed and hibernating in this world. However, with our power alone, we are definitely not their match," Urien said. The wrinkles on his face seemed to have gotten deeper.

"Hehe. I don't think the same as you. Fighting the Evil God seems exciting. Why don't we go down into this hole to have a look? Let's see what that Evil God looks like, and if it is really that powerful." Krassu chuckled.

"Sure. Count me in. I also want to see what these so-called gods look like." A white figure suddenly appeared on the snow and smiled at Krassu. "I will be responsible for digging it open."

"No, no, no, my lady. Please don't take it seriously. I am just joking around." Krassu quickly stopped Irina, but he soon recovered. Surprised, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Irina pursed her lips, and matter-of-factly said, "I can also sense the thing that you guys could. My spiritual power is only a little below old Urien's. It's even more powerful than yours."

"Hehe. That's true." Krassu scratched his head, actually feeling rather speechless.

"Is it really the Evil God that is sealed underneath?" Irina curiously asked. She wasn't in a hurry to remove the ice.

She was familiar with the remnant of the aura in the air. She had encountered this mysterious aura twice: once on Borg and the evil aura that was entangling the Tree of Life, and the other time was the eerie black fog that Mag and she encountered when they went to the Boundless Sea Realm.

It was a dangerous aura that made people feel uncomfortable. Even its remnants could mess up a person's mind.

"It's an unexplainable existence, so we called it the Evil God or the Great Old One." Krassu nodded and then smiled. "Given these guys' power, they definitely ruled over a wide territory in their days. I simply wondered why they were sealed up."

"Since there is an Evil God, that means that the God of Life and other gods possibly really existed too. In this case, could there have been a war of gods, then? The evil gods lost, and were all sealed?" Irina asked curiously.

"That is a possibility. After all, besides gods, I could think of nobody else having the power to place them under a seal." Urien nodded, agreeing with Irina's deduction.

"After saying so much, why don't we go down and have a look for ourselves? I want to see what the Evil God looks like. Is it really invincible?" Irina began to get enthusiastic again.

"We can't even reach the bottom of this hole after going downward for more than 2,000 meters. Going down further, the evil aura will be so thick that it could penetrate the ice and affect my spiritual power. If we forcefully enter this hole, we will become the evil god's puppets even before we could reach the bottom," Urien calmly replied.

"There's something like that..." Irina immediately halted. She had personally seen what Borg and Alfred looked like after they were bewitched by an evil god. They sold their souls, and were no longer normal beings.

"This is the parchment that we found under the cannibal tribe's shrine after we annihilated their tribe. There's a record about the evil god. Of course, according to their belief, that was a god who could bestow upon them a very powerful strength. But they didn't know that the god that they believed in had also given them greed and bloodthirst at the same time." Urien took out a piece of parchment, and tossed it to Irina.

A bunch of red words crowded on the parchment. She read through it seriously, and apart from the spaces between words, she didn't understand a single thing.

"We have translated this parchment on and off for the past 100 years," said Krassu.

"What does it say?" Irina asked curiously. What did the whole crazy cannibalistic tribe experience?

"It listed a whole series of evil gods, and recorded their achievements. There's one last sentence..." Krassu's voice became lower.

"What is it?"

"The Great Old Ones will return one day to rule this world again!"

They fell into a complete silence.

After a moment, Irina chuckled. "They're a bunch of losers, and yet they still want to return to control the world again. Aren't they worried that they will get suppressed again?"

“Many things had disappeared since ancient times. For example, the teleportation portals that could lead to anywhere, all the complex spell formations, and the power spell formation magic casters. No one knows what can matter if the evil god breaks through the seal.” Urien continued to shake his head with a grave expression. He didn’t relax a bit because of Irina’s words.

“Since that’s the case, we will still be fighting them sooner or later.” Irina kept that parchment. A light green beam appeared beneath her feet as she said, “Lend me this parchment to play with for a few days. I will return it to you a couple of days later.”

“Bring me—” Before Krassu could finish speaking, Irina already disappeared together with a slowly dissipating teleportation portal.

“I don’t want to take the flying steed with this old fart.” Krassu flicked a disdainful look at Urien.

“You can fly back yourself.” Urien waved to summon a big white eagle, and then leaped onto its back.

“Why should I fly back when there is a free flying steed for me to take? I’m not flying.” Krassu snorted, and then leaped onto the eagle’s back too.

“The Great Old Ones... really exist.” Mag was staring at the parchment that Irina brought back with a surprised expression.

Chapter 1518: Teppan Grill Squid Sounds Quite Good

“You knew about the Great Old Ones?” Irina was also staring at Mag with surprise. She switched her thinking, and said with realization, “No wonder you knew how to kill Borg and Alfred who were bewitched.”

“I simply happened to read a little record about it in an old parchment book. I thought it was an unofficial history that was randomly written. I didn’t expect them to really exist.” Mag touched his nose. He indeed didn’t expect the Cthulhu Mythos to really exist in this world.

He had almost read through everything about Cthulhu Mythos recently, and had absorbed many works of imagination from the authors on Earth.

He also couldn’t differentiate how many of them really knew the Great Old Ones, and how many of them were reimagined after they were influenced by the mythological system that Lovecraft established.

However, after being baptized by these classics, he had a basic understanding of the Cthulhu Mythos.

The Great Old Ones who possessed terrifying strength once ruled the world in the ancient times, but they were placed under a seal by the ancient gods, and went into a deep sleep.

Numerous interesting works were born under this system, and many Great Old Ones appeared.

Mag had a lot of doubts about the Great Old Ones’ existence on the Norland Continent. His previous two encounters were also very brief. Be it the stone statue in the black fog, or the throne in the stone

temple, he couldn't find correspondence between them and the Great Old Ones that he recently read about.

After the system translated the parchment that Irina got from Krassu, he knew it was a sorcerer's prayer that was praising the power and legend of an evil god named Meredith. It had also mentioned a few other evil gods, and showed their fanatical adoration.

The last paragraph attracted his attention. "The Great Old Ones will return one day to rule this world again!"

And did all the anomalies that suddenly appeared in this world mean that their return had already begun?

"What are the Great Old Ones? Can they be eaten? What do they look like?" Irina asked Mag curiously.

"The Great Old Ones in the legends are perhaps indescribable beings that have all kinds of tentacles," Mag answered after seriously pondering for a while.

"Tentacles? That sounds rather gross? Can you cook it?" Irina furrowed her brows.

"Teppan grill squid sounds quite good," Mag said after thinking for a while.

"Alright. Let's catch a Great Old One in the future to try it out. I just wonder if its meat will be too rough to chew after a few million years." Irina was already tempted to try.

"After all, this world was once theirs, we have to give them some respect, right?" Mag didn't know to laugh or to cry. She said it as if they could defeat them easily. He wasn't even confident that he could cut the tentacles from the Great Old Ones who were sealed up and make them into teppan grill squid.

"With regard to Blour, I still haven't received any news about him yet. But I am certain that he didn't end up in Helena's grasp." Mag changed the topic.

Irina already knew that Blour was Shirley. She shook her head. "I, too, haven't received any news from him. Currently, I don't have many sources for information, but I will definitely go rescue him if he is captured by Helena."

"Maybe he was affected by the news of his father's death. I hope he will calm down." Mag sighed. He watched Blour's father fearlessly charge toward those people who surrounded Irina to buy them some time.

"Sooner or later, I will make them pay for this," Irina said with a cold expression.

Mag remained quiet. He naturally knew about Irina's character.

"I will continue to get people to help us find him as soon as possible," said Mag.

"You said you will be leaving for the Falk Tribe two days later. Have you already got a plan?" Irina asked, changing the topic.

Mag nodded slightly. "I don't have a detailed plan currently. The number one objective is to rescue Connie's brother. The second is to find a chance to disrupt the kingslayer Gary's conferring ceremony,

and neutralize the possibility of the alliance of the Falk Tribe and the Aug Tribe. The orcs will be standing on the prowar side once these two tribes form an alliance.”

“No plan is usually the best plan. Isn’t it just stirring up trouble so bad that there is no way to calm things down? I am very good at that,” Irina smilingly said with brightening eyes.

Mag secretly sighed for the Falk Tribe as he looked at Irina who had a bright glow in her eyes. People usually didn’t end well if they got targeted by this lady.

“Little Amy and Anna are already asleep. Shouldn’t we be doing something interesting on this quiet night?” Irina asked as she leaned against the door. Her long and slender leg was revealed from her loose sleeping robe, and her smooth long silver hair was let down on her back.

Mag coolly considered it for a while before taking out the tablet. “Why don’t we watch *Tom and Jerry* together?”

“You can watch it yourself.” Irina turned and walked into the bedroom angrily. She instantly slammed the door shut.

“Phew~ What a close shave.”

Mag heaved a breath of relief, and then wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead. He seemed to have been targeted by some big shot at that instant.

It was fortunate that he was quick-witted.

“*Tom and Jerry* is so interesting.” Mag unlocked the tablet, and enjoyed two episodes before he switched off the lights and turned in.

The night was getting very late, and the majority of the people in Chaos City were already sleeping. The suspicious people who were roaming around had greatly decreased after the Gentlemen’s League went through with them. Even the homeless men went back to hide under the bridge. They no longer dared to come out to frighten the young ladies.

Even the slums in the north of the city hadn’t had any vicious events for a long time. All the known thugs were sent to Bastie Prison by the Gentlemen who had transformed into Sherlock Holmes as they gathered the evidence against them.

Because of a shortage of prison cells, the population density of Bastie Prison increased instantaneously. Apparently, it even triggered the dissatisfaction of some original occupants.

Meanwhile, the Gray Temple and the city lord’s castle’s patrols increased their frequency, and really achieved the objective of letting the residents have a good night’s rest.

In the dark prison of the Gray Temple no light could reach, there was no difference between day and night.

Terrifying screams reverberated throughout the empty and eerie corridor from the segregated cells. They formed echos at the far end, and only disappeared after a long time.

There was a dimly lit oil lamp at the end of the corridor. Borg was standing under the lamp as he snuffed some fine tobacco into his bamboo smoking pipe. He used a flint to light it up and then take a deep breath as he asked his subordinate who hurried out of the cell with a piece of paper, "How is it?"

"Chief, we have used all kinds of torture, but Blaze still insists that he did everything alone. He confessed about everyone under his supervision, and there was nobody above him." That subordinate handed the piece of paper to Borg.

Borg took the paper and glanced through the contents quickly before smirking coldly. "Is there really no one else above him, or he was still hoping for something?"

Chapter 1519: Hey? Master, Are You Lost Too?

"Master, why are we going to Chaos City? Is it just for the fat head fish?" Joey softly asked as he helped Master Rom remove his thick jacket.

Joss, who was making the bed at the side, also looked at Rom. Although they had set off one month later than in their original plan, the news of Master Rom leaving Issen Castle still created a big hoo-ha. Many came to send them off on the day they left, including those visitors who had been lining up at the door for a long time.

Master Rom, who had never left Issen Castle, left the workshop that he had lived in for hundreds of years. This event itself was strange enough.

Moreover, his destination was Chaos City, which was even more surprising.

Master had never had any special experience there.

Joey and Joss could roughly guess the reason. Ever since Mr. Mag visited them previously, Master Rom had been planning to move.

"Fat head fish has given me a clear idea. I have lived my whole life for forging, and I have forged highly sought-after weapons one after another. They have given me fame, but apart from endless orders and requests, I didn't receive any real benefits.

"While I am still clear-headed, I would like to go live at a new place. I only want to make one last weapon for the rest of my time. A weapon that is different from those I've created before." Master Rom sat on the bed and smiled.

"What about those requests that we have received previously..." Joey softly asked.

"Turn all of them down. I already don't have time to make those things for them." Rom shook his head and smiled. "They're not what I want to do. This is my last weapon, and they are not fit to receive it. It's going to the person who is meant for it."

"Yes." Joey nodded with sadness in his gaze.

Joss was also standing at the side quietly as he had no idea what to say.

“Dwarves have to die one day. I’ve lived for over 400 years, and it’s long enough.” Rom smiled at the two of them. “Speaking of it, I have never taught my disciples properly, and you two have suffered quite a bit with me. Try to learn as much as you can in the coming days. As for how much you can learn, it will have to depend on your abilities and perseverance.”

“Yes.” Joey and Joey swiftly acknowledged with glowing eyes.

Connie was trailing after Rex in Bastie Prison. She looked at the fully packed prison, covering her nose, and trying to keep the stench at bay in vain. “Master, we have too many baddies here. Why don’t we just kill off some of them? After all, we will be simply wasting food and air to keep them alive.”

Rex broke the wrist of a prisoner who was trying to open the lock. He pushed the hand back, and then continued on his way as he said, “Killing a person is the most merciful punishment for the crimes he has done.”

“Then, what’s the point of keeping them alive here?” Connie was perplexed.

“So they cannot have a quick and easy death,” Rex calmly answered.

Connie flicked a glance at that cell that was in the midst of fighting. A cell that was originally meant for two had seven or eight prisoners stuck in there. No matter what, they were not going to have a comfortable and easy stay.

With an expectant gaze, Connie quickly caught up with Rex, and softly asked, “Master, I will be going home the day after tomorrow. Do you want to come with me?”

“No.” Rex’s answer was succinct as usual.

“Master, you may lose your disciple forever like this.” Connie rolled her eyes.

“It’s alright. I always think like that every time you go out.”

“Goodbye then!” Connie turned and left in a puff.

10 minutes later.

“Hey? Master, how did you appear in front of me?”

20 minutes later.

“Hey? Master, what a coincidence?”

30 minutes later.

“Hey? Master, are you lost too?”

“...” Rex.

In an opulent hall in the Marquis Manor, Bowen was pacing around with elation as he murmured to himself, “Ha. That fellow has indeed sent himself in.”

“Master, Bennett is one of us Marquises, after all. Will this incident affect us negatively, or even get us into trouble?” the old butler asked worriedly.

Bowen relaxedly smiled. “He is the lowly bastard son of a prostitute. He wanted the whole world to know his identity, and he went around telling everyone that he was one of the Marquises because he wanted my position as the head of the family. However, I knew for a long time that his money came from illegal sources. I was worried he would get us in trouble one day, so I made sure our family’s properties and people drew a clear line with him. It will have nothing to do with us, the Marquis Family, even when he committed heinous crimes.”

“Master indeed has foresight.” The old butler quickly buttered him up. After pondering, he continued, “Master, although Bennett’s brothels and gambling dens were sealed, he has whitewashed many of his properties in the past few years. For example, that teahouse and those jewelry shops and pharmacies. They are valuable properties and businesses. The gambling dens and brothels are definitely gone after he went in, but regarding these shops and properties, we could...”

“Since he is already in there because of such a big crime, he most likely is never going to get out. These properties naturally are going to belong to the Marquis Family.” The smile on Bowen’s face became brighter and brighter. He stopped pacing, and then told the old butler, “You will go and assemble the accountant and his assistants now. We will take over those properties and shops early tomorrow morning.”

“Yes,” the old butler answered, and then left.

“Heaven is really helping me. Not only did it get rid of Bennett this scourge, it even gave me such a big gift. Although that Mag from Mamy Restaurant isn’t a good man, I really have to thank him for this incident.” Bowen laughed out loud. The Marquis Family’s potential would get a great boost after absorbing Bennett’s properties, and the gap between them and the Moretons and Buffetts would be narrowed.

“Those gambling dens and brothels are a pity. They’re the real cash cows,” Bowen lamented. He knew very well how Bennett got rich.

The city lord’s castle. The lights in the secret chamber were still lit.

“I’m not getting involved in the Gray Temple’s internal affairs, but we have to properly handle the Mamy Restaurant’s incident. Although the two of them seemed to be more even-tempered, and began to leave people alive recently, they are heading to the Twilight Forest very soon. That is the event that concerns the situation on the entire Norland Continent. We’ve to make sure we’ve got their backs,” Michael said to Rolan with a grave expression.

“I will investigate the Inspection Troop. Although there is no evidence that Godala is involved, I’ll transfer him to an unimportant post in a backup unit. The investigation works on all the departments will be carried out swiftly too.” Rolan was drawing circles with his finger on the table. He said with self-reproach, “We’ve spent too much effort and energy on external affairs as we thought the system will make everything run perfectly, but we cannot see through a person’s heart.”

Chapter 1520: Hot Pot Partners

Bennett huddled in a corner of the prison cell on the icy-cold floor. He was covered in wounds, so he had no idea which parts of him were in pain and which parts were intact.

However, he was already numb to this pain. His heart was as cold as his body. That fear of losing everything even covered the pain from his body.

He'd never thought he would end up in this pathetic state. He only wanted to get a hot pot recipe from a small restaurant's employee.

But he had lost his gambling dens and brothels because of that, and even got himself imprisoned.

The Gray Temple knew everything—those fellows who were buried in the backyard and the forbidden magical drugs that were sold in the past years. All the previous deeds were dug up, and the testimonies were all written down in black and white, which he had to confess to.

Those subordinates who always acted loyal and trustworthy all loosened their lips at the hands of the Gray Temple.

He most likely was never going to get out of here. His reputation was already tarnished, and that big brother of his had to be deliberating how to strike off his name from the Marquis Family's genealogical record.

Bennett was a little dazed, and he couldn't help thinking about Mag.

All these things were obviously caused by him. His employees and his connection with the Gray Temple all gave him a shock.

He was even a little regretful. If only he hadn't been so greedy to have designs on Mamy Restaurant and its prosperous hot pot business, or had stopped his actions when Mag came to look for him that day, all these wouldn't have happened.

"Bastard..."

Bennett's hoarse roar reverberated in the cell, and all it got was a stern warning.

Mag had a good sleep. He turned off the alarm clock, and went downstairs to make breakfast.

There was a knock on the door soon. Mag opened the door, and besides Firis and Camilla who came to prepare the ingredients early, Rena was also standing at the door.

Mag stepped aside to let them in. After greeting Firis and Camilla, feeling rather surprised, he asked Rena, "Rena, why are you here so early too?"

"I have something to discuss with you, so I come early," Rena smilingly said. She looked rather good.

"Sure, take a seat over there first," Mag said.

"Alright." Rena nodded, and went to sit down near the door.

Mag went into the kitchen to get a glass of warm water. He placed it in front of Rena and smiled. "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Mm-hmm. I slept with my mother, and I slept very well." Rena nodded. The baddies were all arrested, and she did indeed have a good sleep in her mother's arms.

"What do you have to tell me early in the morning?" Mag asked.

"Hmm, I have an immature idea..." Rena looked at Mag with hesitation.

Mag encouraged, "Just tell me whatever idea you have. I'm willing to listen."

Rena looked at Mag's warm smile, and gathered up her courage. "I am thinking... maybe we could set up a new hot pot restaurant away from Mamy Restaurant?"

"Set up a new hot pot restaurant?" Mag was staring at Rena, feeling a little shocked. After pondering, he said, "Judging from the restaurant's current situation, I'm afraid it can't be done easily. Why do you want to open another hot pot restaurant?"

"I think that hot pot is a very great invention. It has a special cooking and eating method and a unique ambience. At the same time, it's very delicious. However, it is a little expensive for normal people to come to our restaurant to eat hot pot now. The per capita consumption is over 1,000, which is unaffordable for most people. I know you always use the best spices and ingredients to create extreme scrumptiousness. I hope to open an affordable hot pot restaurant by lowering the ingredients' standard so more ordinary people can taste the authentic hot pot," Rena asked Mag with a sincere expression.

Mag pondered briefly before nodding at Rena, who looked nervous and expectant. "This is quite a good idea. Do you have a concrete plan?"

"Did you agree?" Rena was obviously taken aback.

"I agree with your idea, but I still need to listen to your plan on how to implement it." Mag wasn't in a hurry to agree.

"I am very familiar with the market in the north of the city. Every morning at 3 am, we can get very good and fresh pork bones from the vendor at a very cheap price to make the bone broth. We can also get fresh tripe and other ingredients at the market too. Through selecting the suppliers, we could obtain good quality ingredients that are fairly priced.

"As for the spices, I can find replacements for the majority of them. There may be a slight difference in the taste and texture, but the taste will still be above the passing grade. Just that I will have to get a few of the spices from you.

"Spending about 100 copper coins per person will be enough for the normal customers to fill their stomachs. After my calculations, after deducting the cost of the ingredients and manpower, we still have more than half of the profit margin. If we have a high volume of customers every day, we should be able to obtain a very good profit," Rena explained clearly.

"This is indeed a very good idea and is very operable." Mag looked at Rena, impressed. He'd indeed made the right choice then. If Bennett had managed to poach her, she would have definitely been an excellent manager and partner.

The hot pot was the general population's favorite. Mag had never intended to price it out of reach. Expensive-and-out-of-reach wasn't compatible with the hot pot at all.

However, Mamy Restaurant was already busy enough, and there was plenty of other stuff. He simply didn't have the luxury of time to consider the normal people's feelings.

Just as Rena said, the ingredients that he bought from the system were naturally expensive because they were of excellent quality.

Doing as Rena suggested, they could find local suppliers, and then use normal ingredients for the hot pot to greatly lower the cost, making it affordable for the common people.

"This is just a bit of my immature thinking." Rena blushed. She thought her suggestion would be seriously rejected by Mag. She didn't expect to get his approval.

Mag smiled at Rena. "This idea is quite good. The idea of opening a hot pot restaurant and taking the middle-to-lower-end market is also very commercialized. Furthermore, that market is big enough. However, I don't have the time to manage that currently, and you are already in charge of the designated hot pot area now, so do you still have the energy to open another new hot pot restaurant?"

"Our restaurant only supplies the hot pot in the evening, so I'm quite free in the morning. But..." Rena looked at Mag as she hemmed and hawed.

"For the new hot pot restaurant, I will give you 2,000,000 copper coins as the start-up fund. You will be the manager, and will be responsible for every aspect of this restaurant from the ground up. We will no longer be superior and subordinate, but partners. I will not get involved in any matters or decisions of this hot pot restaurant. You will have half of the equity of this hot pot restaurant, and I will only be in charge of supplying you with the funds and receiving the dividends in the future." Mag smiled at Rena. "Are you confident enough to do it?"